

ON THE RIO GRANDE.

The Political Situation is Warming up Considerably.

Some Sensible Ideas on the Tariff Question Put in a Clear and Foreible Manner.

LAS CRUCES, N. M. October 27.—The political caldron is seething and its ebullitions may be heard occasionally on the streets and in the places of public resort. Every fourth-rate politician of the town is painting in glowing colors the sterling qualities of his favorite candidate in the field. They seem to ignore the significant words that "money talks" but the "poor devil" who is so lost to shame as to sell his vote can rarely be relied on to keep his promise; at least the purchaser can never find out under our secret ballot system. One feature of the game is quite perceptible—money does not show to be so plentiful as it was at the last election. That was before the panic struck us. The long sacks of two years ago have disappeared from the scene, thereby materially diminishing the interest that generally accompanies a general election. I presume, however, that Catron and Joseph have provided ample grease to run the territory. The fees of some of the most lucrative offices of the counties have been curtailed by the laws of the last legislature, consequently the interest that impelled to the irrepressible scramble for office has somewhat abated.

High protective tariff, that might as well be left out now as one of the dead issues of the past, is still being thrashed over by some of the deluded followers of McKinley. I was just thinking if some foreigner was to drop down in our territory and read the lamentations in our local papers on free wool and free lead he would come to the conclusion that we were in immediate danger of being crushed beneath a ponderous land-slide of importations from our neighbor, Mexico. The fact is there are about two dozen sheep-raisers in New Mexico who have more or less large sheep herds and sheep, and the wool of sheep is their horizon, and they cannot extend their vision any further than a sheep. They have heard the lie reiterated so often that a high tariff raises the price of wool, that they really believe it, the same as the working people were duped into the belief that it raised their wages. I said there were about two dozen of these sheepmen who are sellers of wool but on the other hand we have about 150,000 people in the territory who are buyers and consumers of wool and woollen goods, but this little gang of sheepmen set up their individual interests as paramount to the interests of the

people and go on blundering in their unjust and untenable demands, and if you take notice the whole McKinley fabric is based on the hypothesis, that the vendor must be protected to make his goods bring a high price, while the great masses who are consumers have nothing to say according to republican gospel. This is the quintessence of McKinleyism and a fair illustration of the high protection so zealously defended by the republican party. The idea is ridiculous to make prohibitory tariff laws to keep out foreign wool when we do not produce one-sixth part of the wool we consume, and it is the dear people who have to bear this enormous tariff tax. There are no sheep in this county to speak of, still the republican speakers will harangue a thousand men for hours on the calamities to follow free wool and free lead, when there is not a single man in the audience who owns a sheep or a lead mine. The people like to hear eloquent speakers, but I notice they look at one another and smile. They know the republicans are hard run for arguments.

As to lead, our mountains in sight of us are full of it, and some said back in the 80s, "Oh if we could get a law to shut out Mexican lead, we would soon make our fortunes." Well, they got the law they wanted, and have had it for the last five years, but you go and look at their mines, and you will find them not only undeveloped, but untouched, and not one man has sold a pound of lead under the long reign of the McKinley law.

The cattlemen are kicking by saying Mexico is going to flood the country. That is all rubbish. I have seen the herds in Mexico. A limited number of Americans and Englishmen have large holdings of cattle there but if they were to drive all their marketable beef across the border and scatter them through the United States, it would be like pouring a few buckets of water into the sea, and if they were to concentrate them all at Chicago at one time, they could not supply that great center of population for more than a few days. Besides, Mexico has twelve millions of people to feed and all of her cattle can not be spared.

The new tariff is slowly doing its work. The factories are all springing into newness of life and everything is working smoothly since we downed the robber tariff. The resulting good effects of the change can be plainly seen and felt already; prices are going down and the people have cheaper goods.

The noblest part of our tariff is that it transfers the burden of taxes from the poor and places it on the rich. This commends the law to the people and is its crowning glory.

I am a kicker sometimes, as you perceive, when they make me hot, but the

democratic principles are correct and I have always, and will ever, defend them.

To say that the republicans are in a predicament is putting the case mildly. Indeed, after thorough diagnosis of the case free from partisan bias, I consider their case hopeless. Many of the party are smart enough to see it, but they are too proud, or rather too bigoted, to secede and make a graceful retreat. They are appalled at the unmistakable signs of approaching dissolution, and show less sagacity than rats which leave a sinking ship. They stifle reason and shut their eyes to truth and await the inevitable final crash that will bring annihilation to the party. If they abandon protection or even waver from the line, they thereby virtually confess they were wrong and only trying to gull the people. In that event they will be a done-up party. If they force the tariff issue in the next presidential election and try riding on the McKinley tally-ho, they will be worse done up. I can see no loophole left for them to crawl out at. They had nothing to stand on except a rotten mass of fraud and iniquity called "high protection" that was swept from under them at the last election, and they were left dangling in the air and all know very well what it was that struck them. To use a vulgar expression of western parlance, they are "in a hole." Nothing keeps them alive now but pure cussedness and gall, born of desperation. A few unimportant victories in the eastern states and cities within the last year served at the time to revive their sinking spirits and inspire hope, but those elections were all influenced by local questions, and had no significance touching any principle involved in national affairs. The republican party is dead and has been dead ever since the 4th of November 1892.

OLD TIMER.

A Silver City Man Breaks His Hip.

On the 9th inst., in Gold Gulch, near Globe, Felicien Michel, while in camp attending to his domestic duties, lost his balance, fell and broke his hip bone, which is likely to prove a lasting injury. He has been for many years a resident of the southwest and for more than fifteen years before coming to Arizona, made his home in Silver City, New Mexico. He is a machinist of rare skill; a man of excellent habits and highly esteemed by those having the pleasure of his acquaintance. He is now in the Globe hospital, under the care of Drs. Collins and Fox.—Globe Silver Belt.

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